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Choice Poetry.

FROM THE NEW YORK VENICE.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY T. D. ROBINSON.

I am all alone to mourn him.
And the cold night hear in me;
And the dark's chill spell.
The only shade I leave.

He was a little boy, too young to live;
And only the door of the hall.
He never came to me, nor did he come;
And he left us, too weak, and the way led.

The little boy that died.
He shall make him in the garden where they play;

I shall sit here by the wayside,
With his little toy, and his empty chair;

And the birds sing to me;

And they will speak, with a short speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I have a little girl, too young to live;

And she sits here by the wayside,

With her little toy, and the empty chair;

And the birds sing to me;

And they will speak, with a short speech,

Of the little boy that died.

The word of intercession was uttered, but Andrew could not give up his sweet little friend; and the word was, therefore, disappointed.

Finally, to avoid punishment, he went to his mother, who was sitting at the kitchen-table, and told her he would abide his punishment; because his father would be angry if he was not.

It was Andrew's duty to wash the dishes.

"I will wash them," said Andrew.

